

Why They Got Married.

Mr. Grizzle had ten daughters, in a mansion on the hill,
And of velvet, silk and laces they were wont to have their fill.
They had footmen, they had horses, they had little left to gain,
But they had such bad complexions they would stop a long freight train.

They had many points of beauty in the way of eyes and hair,
But their faces were so awful that no bean could flourish there.
They had traveled oft to Europe, they had wept alone at home,
But no solace came to brighten their *peculiar* kind of gloom.

'Till one day a sample bottle was delivered at the door,
And the youngest of the Grizzles did afresh her fate deplore.
"I am weary of this living, I will seek an early grave,
When the shadows of the evening fall, Death shall have another slave.

"I have tried all known cosmetics, and after mature reflection,
I seek the *grave* and *silence* instead of a complexion."
She was reaching out her hand for a deadly dose of physic;
Took the cork from out the bottle with a trembling realistic.

When an odor sweet and subtle fell upon her sense of smell,
And the eyes that sought oblivion upon this label fell:
"For a *white* and *good complexion*, for one of which to dream,
Do not dally with the other stuffs, but use POND LILY CREAM.

"Shall I die," said young Amanda, "at the age of sweet sixteen,
When there lies within my reach such a wild, alluring dream?
No; I'll give this Cream a trial, and very soon we'll see
If I'm born to die as I had planned, or *live* a great Beauty."

So she got a large sized bottle, and went cheerfully to work
On a face that seemed quite hopeless for a bit of charm to lurk.
In *one week* you should have seen her, as she donned her favorite gown,
To keep a fresh engagement with the greatest swell in town.

New attentions fell upon her, and in another week
She was led up to the altar by a bank cashier, discreet.
What had wrought a change so wondrous in a face once so "extreme?"
It was something very simple, it was good POND LILY CREAM.

All the nine forlorn sisters adopted 'Manda's plan,
To see if a complexion would get them each a man.
What a happy house is Grizzle's with its ten sweet *fair skinned brides*,
And its ten good tempered husbands, and a father-in-law puffed with pride.

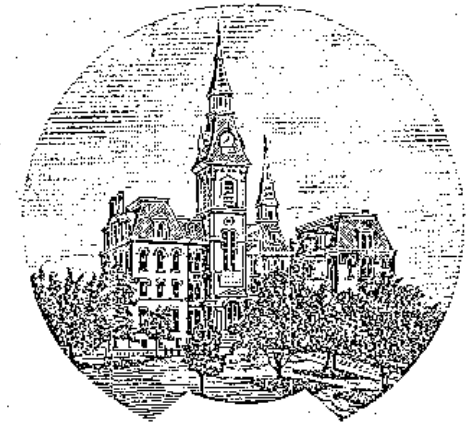
In a year a new escutcheon on the Grizzle's door was placed,
Which attracted wide attention for design so rare and chaste.
When its veil was torn asunder to see what it could mean—
'Twas a bunch of White Pond-Lilies waving o'er a vase of cream,

The above was handed to **SHERMAN & McCONNELL**, the
Dodge Street Druggists; by a fair young lady who refused to reveal her identity,
but who is supposed to be one of the Grizzle sisters.

FEBRUARY, '95.

VOL. IX.

NO. 6.



DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

HIGH

SCHOOL

REGISTER.

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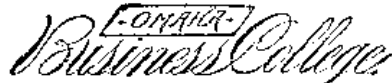
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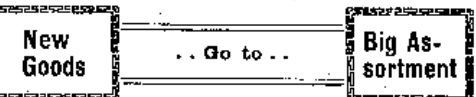
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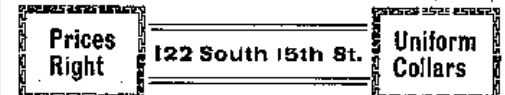
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The High School Register

VOL. IX.

OMAHA, NEB., FEBRUARY, 1895

No. 6.

THE REGISTER

Editorial.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published on the last Thursday of each month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.

SUBSCRIPTION: Twenty-five cents for rest of school year.

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Entered as second class matter in the Omaha Postoffice.

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 Number of Teachers..... 25
 Number of Scholars..... 1000

CLASS OF NINETY-FIVE.

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TO THE large number of students who have recently entered the High School the REGISTER extends a cordial welcome. The class of '98 can congratulate itself on being the largest ever in the school. The members are exhibiting a spirit of advancement and enthusiasm that is highly commendable. Let each start with a determination to complete the course. It will not be regretted in later years. Educated people are in demand. Always stand up for the best interests of your class and remember to be loyal to your school.

THE series of lectures given by Lieut. Penn to the Battalion has been of much value. The tactics, mechanism and use of the rifle were instructive, but possibly the manufacture of ammunition was the most interesting. All this is beneficial to a general sense but can not be put to practical use until we get the guns. The indoor exercises have much improved the bearing of the Battalion, and now that spring is here rapid advancement is certain in field movements. An examination at the end of the school year will have much to do with the promotions for next year. This ought to be a stimulus to the present officers and the privates to systematic thorough work.

THE conduct of the boys in the halls and the spirit of decorum everywhere pervading the school is very marked. By this it is not in the least hinted that the boys are not enjoying themselves, but on the contrary a better time was never had. The fact is clearly demonstrated that pleasure does not consist in playing rowdy. Our boys are gentlemen and should always govern their actions so as to be considered as such.

While the Seniors are not supposed to be under close restraint, but are placed more upon their honor, still this privilege should not be abused in the least. The conduct of the whole school depends to some extent upon the actions of this class, for they are supposed to set an example worthy of imitation. Moreover by favoring one class and not giving another its due consideration, they can do much in arousing class prejudice and strife, or in turn they can be instrumental in checking these troubles and promoting harmony.

THE time is here to begin to plan for field day. The success of the athletics of the school thus far during the year has been all that could be desired; but as the activities of the gridiron cease and the cold wintry season settles upon us, the interest in athletics diminishes. This is the opportunity to rally for the final event of the year. Besides, it will give an impetus for the gymnasium and put a purpose in our work, aside from mere strength development. With the facilities for training at our disposal, there is no reason why the event should not be a grand success. The

best results are not obtained by entering too large a number of contests; if special aptness is shown in certain feats let these receive the main attention, thus the contest as a whole will be much better.

The manner in which our field day was neglected and finally omitted last year was severely censured; it was a disappointment to many of the students, but especially to those who wished to enter the lists. The criticisms were just, to a certain extent, for with proper management and strong encouragement the school is able to present a class of games and a number of athletes of which she may not be ashamed. May the association act on this at once and the committees be appointed; let all lend a hand and we shall have the best field day that we have had for years.

MY TRIP ABROAD.

MISS M. E. QUACKENBUSH.

Friday, July 20, was a day long to be remembered. We arose early in the morning, took a last look at Cologne with its towering spires, and then went on board our boat, knowing that one more dream of life was about to be realized. I had spent a day on the Columbia River, one on the Hudson, and another on the St. Lawrence, but the day spent on the Rhine was different from them all. Not that the scenery is any finer than the Dalles, the Palisades or the Thousand Islands, but you feel that centuries of history are looking down upon you.

"Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathes around."

From Cologne to Bonn—which by the way was the birthplace of Beet-

hoven—the scenery is not especially fine, but after leaving Bonn we entered the most picturesque and famous portion of the river. Ruined castles and vineyards were seen in every direction. For a while the scenery would be quietly beautiful, then a turn in the river would bring us to some high cliff surmounted by a fine castle. Here women could be seen doing the week's washing by rubbing the clothes upon stones along the river's bank; and there others could be seen working in the vineyards.

Where the Moselle joins the Rhine rises the majestic fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, sometimes called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It is situated on a precipitous rock and seems almost inaccessible. It is said that the view from this fortress is one of the finest on the Rhine. Farther on we came to the Lorelei rocks, and remembered the story of the maiden combing her golden hair, and luring the unwary fishermen to destruction in the rapids below by her entrancing music. While I was repeating Heine's lines:

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin."

a train of cars shot through a tunnel cut in the rock, showing that in this practical age civil engineers do not hesitate on account of sentiment. Just before we reached Bingen, "Sweet Bingen on the Rhine," we saw an island, or rather rock, in the river upon which is the celebrated Mouse Tower. The legend is that Archbishop Hatto, of Mayence, caused a number of poor people, whom he compared to mice bent on devouring the corn, to be buried in a barn during a famine. He was immediately

attacked by mice which tormented him day and night. He then sought refuge on this island, but was followed by his persecutors and devoured alive.

Passing the island, the river expands into a lake and we are now at Bingen, and opposite is Rudesheim. This is in the midst of extensive vineyards, and both places are noted for their fine wines. Soon we came to the National monument. This was erected to commemorate the foundation of the New German Empire in 1870-71. It stands on a high hill, and is a conspicuous object. It was unveiled in 1883 in presence of the Emperor. Upon a base of seventy-eight feet high stands the noble figure of Germania, which is thirty-three feet in height. We saw it from the river, but those who have climbed to the top of the hill say that it amply repays the effort. The day was drawing to a close and we felt that we were surfeited with castles. As the shadows descended, we thought of Tennyson's lines:

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story."

The only drawback to our happiness, was the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Drake were to leave us, they going further east, while we were going to Paris. We felt sorry to say good-bye, as we had enjoyed their company very much. We reached Mayence about 10 o'clock and went to a hotel.

Mayence was the home of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, and there is a fine statue by Thorvaldsen erected to his memory. I have read that "Mrs. Charlemagne" is buried here, but do not know whether this is so or not.

The next day, Saturday, was also a day long to be remembered, but not for its enjoyment. So far we had been very fortunate in making ourselves understood, but it was otherwise on this particular day. We inquired for a through train to Paris, and after showing our tickets—we had bought them in London—we finally went on board a train that we understood would take us directly to Paris. In several hours the conductor called out, "Alle Austeigen". We noticed that everybody else left the compartment, but knowing we were on a "through" train we sat still. Again the conductor looked in and called out, "Alle Auesteigen," looking at us angrily as if we were criminals, but as we had a clear conscience we continued to sit placidly in our places. Finally, after many frantic gestures on his part, it began to dawn upon us that he wanted us to get out, and we did so, and then saw the train we should take, standing a short distance from us. All day long it was "Alle Austeigen," and we found that instead of a "through train" we were on one of the worst roads on the Continent. But I learned one German expression that I shall never forget, and which is as plain to me now as "everybody change cars." Between our changing cars all day, and our dread of leaving the train at stations where we were not obliged to do so, we did not have a chance to get anything to eat, so that by the time we reached Paris, 10 p. m., we were nearly famished. But the city looked so beautiful, being so brilliantly lighted, that for a while we forgot our hunger in enjoying the panorama

spread out before us. We managed, however, to get something to eat at 11 o'clock, and were thankful, indeed, that the day was at an end.

The next day being Sunday, we did not start out until noon. Coming to a classic looking building, we ascended the steps, and found that we were in the Madeleine, or Church of St. Mary Magdalene. This was begun by Louis XV., but the French revolution found the building unfinished. Napoleon I. ordered it to be completed as a "Temple of Glory," but Louis XVIII. returned to the original intention of making it a church. The building which is destitute of windows, is constructed entirely of stone. It was planned after the model of a Greek temple, and is surrounded with Corinthian columns.

We were very fortunate in finding a guide here, who could not only explain the church to us, but offered to conduct us to St. Cloud that afternoon. He was a German by birth, but spoke Russian, Spanish, French and English as well. We were very glad to secure his services, and started out with him immediately. He first took us through the Place de la Concorde, which is the largest and finest public square of the city. The obelisk from Luxor stands in the center. It is a beautiful square, surrounded by gardens and parks, and it is almost impossible to realize that here Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were led to the guillotine. Now marble statues are placed in different parts of the square, and fountains send up their sparkling water. From here we went to the Seine, where we took a boat for St. Cloud, six miles south-

west of Paris. This was a beautiful ride. When we left the boat we climbed a steep hill, and there took a long walk through a broad avenue lined with large trees, which brought us to the ramparts where the Germans planted their cannon in the Franco-Prussian war. Beneath us lay the beautiful city of Paris, calm and serene, showing no trace of the terrible struggle, and it seemed wicked that destruction should ever have marred anything so fair. Belview is an appropriate name for this bluff. From here we went to the favorite dwelling place of Napoleon I. but the palace has been removed since its partial destruction by fire, and the place is now a public park. The fountain plays at 4 o'clock every Sunday afternoon, and we arrived there just in time to see the water begin to fall down a steep elevation in a series of rapids or cascades. There were three of these cascades side by side, and between them were great numbers of potted geraniums in full bloom. In some places the water would rise high in the air like "Old Faithful Geyser" in the Yellowstone Park, and then come to rest in a placid lake. We were delighted, and could hardly tear ourselves away. Returning we had another good view of Paris, the Eiffel Tower looming up before us, and we went back to our hotel, with all thoughts of the previous day entirely blotted out by the pleasure of this one.

Sir Roger De Coverly must have been a very queer fellow, for Steele says that after he was crossed in love "he never dressed afterward."

OUR DEBATING SOCIETIES.

FRANCIS J. GISH.

"Aristophus," says an ancient writer, being asked what boys ought to learn, said, "What they will have occasion to use when they are men." If this famous answer of the old Greek be founded in wisdom, or in other words, if the education of youth should be at all governed by a reference to the wants of practical life in after years, there can be little doubt that debating, properly managed, might be among the most valuable of educational agencies. It is no part of wisdom, therefore, to look upon our debating societies with an eye of indifference, for they are capable of a service in the cause of education for which it is impossible to find any sufficient substitute. In these societies we have splendid opportunities for developing concentration and activity of mind, power of thought, readiness of expression and a directness of aim in order to effect a definite and immediate result by collision with other minds. Those who are going to succeed in the future are the ones that think and talk, and can express their ideas in forceful and appropriate language.

At present our debates are little more than well written essays on the subjects under discussion. The participants in the debate prepare their essays and read them before the society with the idea that they have done their full duty—but they have not. They have put their brains on paper instead of leaving them in their heads. Oftentimes we have the pleasure of listening to the views of somebody's mama or papa on the question. Thus

the great benefits to be derived from debating societies are not realized.

Let us return to the good old days when Abe and Pete and 'Liza Jane told us extemporaneously what they thought about it. Let us abolish the cut-and-dried essay. Let us study the question for debate, firmly plant the facts in our minds in their proper order, think about them, and on the platform express our thoughts as intelligently as possible, trying to refute the arguments of our opponents in as smooth and easy manner as we can, instead of in short, rough, broken sentences, and in time we will reap our rewards. If we are so fortunate as to perceive the rare possible advantages of our debating societies, if we are so wise as to pursue that advantage with becoming diligence, how various, how valuable the results that must follow. What sharpening and strengthening of the mental powers, what facility in speaking, what various information, what improvement every way may not reasonably be expected. Many a soul that never awoke under the discipline of school or college has suddenly shown under the spur of debate signs indubitable of the most extraordinary mental capacity. It may be so with some of us. Who knows?

Rightly managed these societies are capable of a service in the cause of education scarcely attainable in any other way. Many considerations induce this belief. Among them are these:

1. Because they are the best possible schools for logical disputes.
2. Because they furnish the best op-

portunities for the practice of deliberative oratory.

3. Because they force us to acquire a great amount and variety of useful knowledge.

Surely the importance of such training needs no defense, requires no advocacy. In every situation it has its value. Life is a perpetual debate. Men may "beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning hooks," "Arms may yield to the gown of peace," yet the war of opinion is a war eternal. A thousand knotty questions divide and distract the public mind, and they demand in those who undertake their investigation the most able and accomplished debaters.

MISS CROWLEY GOES TO CHICAGO.

Wednesday, February 20th, quite a number of the members of '95 went over and bid farewell to their old teacher, Miss Crowley, who started for Chicago the next evening. Miss Crowley was very well liked by the members of '95 and they are all very glad to know that she has succeeded in getting such a good position in the High School in Chicago. Last December she went to Chicago and took the High School examination and was one of the fifteen successful ones out of two hundred applicants. Last month she had a position as principal of a graded school with 2,000 scholars and twenty teachers to take charge of, but she declined the offer and has now got a position in the West Side High School. Miss Crowley goes there to take up work similar to that she used to have in the

Omaha High School, senior English and college preparatory literature. The West Side High School is one of the three best schools in the city, and is situated in a very aristocratic part of the city, and is only fifteen minutes ride from the Chicago University where Miss Crowley intends spending an hour or so each afternoon.

The best wishes of her former pupils follow her to this new field of labor.

A GREAT CELEBRATION.

A fine day, a large, appreciative audience and excellent speakers rendered the Washington birthday celebration, on the 22nd inst., one of the best exercises the present students of the High School have ever witnessed. The Nebraska Society of the Sons of the Revolution selected this as a fit time to present to the High School a picture of that grand man, the "Father of His Country." Mr. Clement C. Chase made the presentation speech. He showed by tracing the ancestry of Washington back to the thirteenth century, and by relating the noble deeds done by his forefathers in defense of their Royal Liege, that the unquenchable fire of patriotism was kindled in the heart of every Washington. The speaker believed that it was his blood that made the man, the general and the patriot.

Professor Lewis then responded in the reception of the picture in an exceedingly fitting manner. While he did not think that Washington was receiving too much glory, yet he did not agree with some narrow biographers who believed that, Washington was the author of all good in the

founding of our nation, not allowing any praise for Jefferson and Adams.

The next speaker was Mr. W. H. Alexander, who, in a witty strain, directed his remarks more especially to the girls. He recalled events in the history of our country when the hinging point of the just cause was centered in the faithful and unwavering heart of a woman. Mr. Alexander believed that if a young fellow did not have a lady friend, as a sort of "propto bolster him up, he would not amount to much."

Lastly came Mr. W. F. Gurley, who, in an eloquent manner, brought his audience face to face, not with the picture, but with the living character of the hero. In his discourse the speaker brought out the striking contrast between the lives of Washington and Lincoln—the one being born in a mansion, the other in a log cabin; the one a slaveholder, the other, in his younger days, a slave; but both having the same trait, namely, strength of character.

The platform was honored also by the presence of Rev. Kuhns and Colonel Champion S. Chase.

The picture, which was taken from a famous painting by Gilbert Stewart, will be hung in the main hall, where the High School students of years to come may view the commanding features of this chief of chiefs, George Washington.

LUNCH.

About a thousand students bring a lunch every day to the High School or go without anything to eat at noon. The lunch must necessarily

be a cold one and there is no place to get a warm drink of any kind. In almost all public buildings space in the corridor is rented for light lunch and fruit counters. There is plenty of room in the center of the east corridor on the first floor for a round lunch counter. If a neat lunch stand were put up there it would be a paying business for the man who ran it, and the city no doubt could get good rental for the space occupied.

It would be better however to make no charge for the space but to contract with the person taking it to supply coffee and rolls at actual cost and let him make his profit on the candy and fruit. Such a stand would obviate the necessity of students always taking a lunch. Many times after sitting in the school-room for several hours at a time a little fruit would be more palatable than anything else.

Society.

The meeting of the class of '97 will be held Friday, March 1st. The debate on the subject of "Strikes" will be unique as well as interesting; the music is especially attractive, Mr. Cuscaden having promised his violin, and Miss Cannon, from Lake, having also kindly consented to assist us with her voice. Do not fail to be present, one and all.

The Seniors have been so busy with their June essays that you would naturally suppose that they didn't have time for rhetorical or anything else. But such is not the case, for the last rhetorical in this month was the most interesting one we have had this year. The special feature of the

program was the extemporaneous debate on the subject of the marking system in high schools. From this time on till the close of school there will be some special attraction at each of the rhetorical. For March 8th a Scotch program is being prepared. Every number on the program will be either Scotch or something pertaining to the Scotch.

February 20th the Juniors held their Washington exercises. The meeting was opened with a piano duet by the Misses Bartlett and Cole. Mr. Hayward then introduced the speaker of the day, Mr. Frank Crane. The address was very interesting and very instructive. Leaving the time-worn history of Washington as a general and a statesman, Mr. Crane branched out into a personal review of Washington as a MAN; and few of us listened to his words upon the "humility, self-respect and religiosity" of the Father of our country, without taking the lesson home. We sincerely thank Mr. Crane for the pleasure he gave us all. The meeting was adjourned after Mr. Dickenson's "Ode to Washington," read by Mr. Evans.

The Junior Literary and Debating Society held its semi-annual election of officers Friday, February 8th. There was a short program. The Banjo and Guitar Club was enthusiastically greeted after its long vacation. Miss Balbach gave a mandolin selection accompanied by Miss Lulu Morris on the guitar. There was a true Yankee spirit in Miss Rothchild's recitation and Miss Wood's singing was enjoyed by all. The original poem of Mr. Dickenson's "took"

immensely. The election was next in order, and to the new officers '96 extends a hearty wish for their success in the field. Mr. Fred. Hayward, president; Mr. Jacob Gish, vice-president; Miss Josephine Biart, secretary, and Miss Minnie Crane, treasurer.

"Cousin Tom" was a grand success, and the Juniors feel proud of the reception given to this, their "maiden," attempt. The first performance was given to the class Monday, February 11th. On the Wednesday following, the first day open to others, the hall was packed. There was also a goodly number present Friday. The participants were Misses Duryea and Lemon, and Messrs. Gish, Hayward and Welshans. Each deserve special praise for the able manner in which they acquitted themselves in their respective parts. The play was given under the direction of Miss Lloyd, who deserves congratulations for its success, and also the thanks of '96 for her efficient services.

Thursday evening, the 21st, the play was given, by request, at the social of All Saints Church, in Metropolitan hall. The banjo and guitar club was present and gave several selections. The High School was well represented on the floor, and after dancing away the evening there was a hearty school yell and then the class yell was given to the Ladies' Aid Society—the host of the evening.

Scientific.

ILLUMINATING GAS.

The manufacture of illuminating gas has grown to be one of the great industries of almost every large city. The importance of the industry, considered from a commercial standpoint,

is doubtless very great, but besides this there is that domestic importance which we have attached to it. We have learned to consider gas as one of the necessities of our daily life.

Since the invention of processes for its production upon a large scale practically all of our cities have adopted this means of illumination both for street and for private dwellings. It is only of late that gas has, to some extent, given way to electricity for street illumination. But, although not now so extensively used for street illumination, gas has been found to be more practicable for lighting dwellings than the electric light, and, until certain improvements are made in the electric system, gas will hold its place as foremost among all methods of house illumination.

Illumination is not, however the only use to which gas is put. Of late it has been successfully used both for heating and cooking. For the latter use it has been found particularly well adapted. Another use steadily growing in importance is for furnishing power in the so-called gas engines, which have become quite prominent during the last few years.

In some localities a gas suitable for illuminating purposes, called natural gas, issues from the earth, and cities near these localities receive from nature a free supply. But by far the greater amount of illuminating gas is made by artificial means. For its production on the large scale, two processes are in extensive use in the coal districts where soft coal is sufficiently cheap. As side products of the process, the very useful substances, coke, coal-tar and ammonia are produced.

In the other, or water-gas process, water is decomposed or reduced by passing it in the form of steam, over carbon heated to a very high temperature. The carbon employed in this process is usually in the form of coke, thus the waste product of one process is made to take active part in the other. The chemical part of the process may be stated by saying that the carbon of the coke unites with the oxygen of the water to form carbon monoxide, while the hydrogen is set free. But both carbon monoxide and hydrogen burn with a pale, blue flame which is useless as far as light is concerned. Therefore to make the flame luminous the vapor from petroleum is added to the gas. After the gas has been purified by removing any incombustible gas, it is ready for use and is stored in large holders, from which it is supplied through pipes, to consumers throughout the city.

HAL. BEANS.

Since our last issue Miss Dorothy Holland, one of the Senior class editors met with the sad bereavement in the loss of her father. In sympathy and regard for a fellow class-mate the Seniors adopted resolutions in her behalf. A copy of the resolutions were sent to Miss Holland and her sorrowing mother.

This month '96 loses one of its foremost members. Fred. Hayward is compelled to depart from the pleasures of the O. H. S. to those of other realms. He goes to Peoria, Illinois, where he expects to enter school immediately. The school, as well as the class of '96, regrets the departure of Mr. Hayward.

Local and Personal.

"Essays."

"Contest."

"Cousin Tom."

"Manus-a-men."

"His brother was scattered."

Ask Lehmer when the sun sets.

Cor. Penfold: "Bup-Bup-Bup."

"I hear nothing but the wail of a cry."

"What, do you see with your ears?"

"Mithradate was flying with great speed."

That annual essay groan is now at its height.

Herbert says they teach us to "flirt" in elocution.

Who is the man of all he surveys?
A blind man.

Clark, in Latin: "At length she gathers herself."

Teacher in Virgil:—"Had Dido frequently died?"

In History.—"After they were sixty years of old."

Some people, I notice, have a (Mrs.) Craven' for algebra.

Mr. ———, in Greek: "He took ahold and drug him."

"Did the oracle of Apollo at Delphi have office hours?"

Miss B. in Senior Eng.—"I now repaired my coach horses."

"When I was a young fellow I was very small"—naturally.

Cross must think that Latin is closely connected with Satan.

"Did she call you up?"

"No; she called me down."

There are only a few Js (jays) in the second hour elocution class.

Miss Towne, '91, is teaching ninth grade Latin in the High School.

Teacher: "If you are absent, say so, and don't keep me waiting."

Mr. Wilbur Burnham, '98, is now attending school at Monrovia, Cal.

"They came to a country which large and beautiful Orontes ruled."

"It would not be out of place to call you all *Misses* this morning Mr.—."

Pupil to Teacher: "May I have my card signed with ditto marks?"

Miss S. (in history).—The beginning is the first thing to talk about."

The Sophomores took fifteen dollars worth of tickets for the Junior play.

Officers of the battalion have the building for the social. Now for the minstrels.

"They throw themselves into the river, which, being tired and fatigued, perishes."

Powell, in Civil Government: "The President has to swear to the best of his ability."

George Purvis has just recovered from a severe attack of illness, and is with us again.

Jesse says that he doesn't Merritt the honor of having the teachers make puns on his name.

It took fifteen minutes, six boys and a step ladder to get the curtain up at a recent play.

What a welcome change the outdoor drilling is from those dull old setting up exercises.

A box of powder was a conspicuous adjunct in R. 25. Some one said it belongs to Mr. Gish.

Mr. Colpetzer does not like to wear his uniform because he thinks it does not suit his complexion.

Teacher: "What is the Latin for 'killed his father?'"

Boy: "Pat(h)er-cide."

Blackboard notice. (Setting-up) Exercises:—Wednesday 2:15. "Rev. Frank Crane sets 'em up."

Franklin: "Will you please remove your pyramids from under my seat, so I can hang my feet over."

He rubbed his lip with whiskerine,
But alas! it was no go;
Not a whisker could be seen,
And still they will not grow.

In Tenth Eng.—Lost, a valuable silk umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head. Rule 24.

There is one sure thing. The High School has at least one Valentine on February 14th and one we all appreciate.

"What you tell me goes in one ear and out the other."

"Well, there is nothing there to stop it."

A problem: Where would you place a light that would cast a shadow of the ropes as they are on the new curtain?

We hear that Munsell, one of the '98 editors, is waging numerous conquests of love among the new Freshman girls.

In Latin Class:—"The reason for the subjunctive, *priusquam faceret*" is because *priusquam* is compounded with *prae*."

Hayward in Greek: "Xenophon was riding on his foot, and he had a breast plate on his horse so that he was tightly squeezed."

Sweet Girl: "Oh, look; my pencil point breaks off every time I use it."
The boy, with a dull knife: "Quite a soft snap, I observe."

To whom it may concern: The unusual width of Mr. Wagner's trousers is caused by the necessity of getting his feet through.

Lost, between the ——— avenue ——— church and ———'s saloon, a small bible containing lottery ticket No. 297,341. O. PON.

"I'm just from playing football, marm; I've an eye knocked out of socket, But I've my liver under my arm, And a limb in my coat-tail pocket."

A *World-Herald* reborder who abhors do 'av 'ad about dhree beers, referred to "one" of the actors in "Cousin Toin," as Mr. New England Gosway."

Ambition is a noble thing in its way. But frequently it doesn't weigh much—neither does the mustache upon which Mr. Hanson lavishes his ambition.

At the Junior Play.—Junior: "These seats are reserved for the Board of Education."

Seniors: "The Board can stand on its dignity."

Judging from some of the ninth grade German papers of the examination some one needs to study English a little longer. "She was the butti-foolest of all."

Teacher: "Mr. V—, how was it that you were not to recitation this morning?"

Mr. V—: "I was down to Mr. Marble's office."

He:—"Fork me over that knife."
She:—"Beware of the habit of slang and provincialisms."

He:—"Well then, knife me that fork. Is that better?"

We understand that a certain girl brings candy to school to feed the boys. It is said they just swarm around her. Surely the genius of woman is unfathomable.

A teacher wishing to compliment the boys who had their lessons, referred to them as "Miss." We think "Miss" would have been more appropriate for the other boys.

In Civil Gov. Teacher—"Give the qualifications for President of the U. S."

Miss C.—"He must be thirteen years old, and be a natural born citizen."

It is related that a certain freshman of O. H. S. hung his thermometer out of doors to see what his coal bill for that month was going to be.

We commend his rare reasoning powers.

A chess club has been formed in the High School, with W. Gardiner as president and John Dolan as secretary and treasurer. There is quite

De Alumnis.

a membership list now, but there is room for more. Boys, this is a good opportunity to gain and display chess-playing ability.

Pope "lisped in numbers for the numbers came." The Juniors can beat that. They have a young man who writes in poetry the prosiest kind of English exercises, and extemporaneously translates his Latin into rhymes. His name is John William Dickinson, and he has been styled the "poet laureate of the class of '96."

One of the new students who entered in February is Mr. William McDonald, a colored boy of seventeen, who has already become popular on account of his marked genius as a pianist. Never before has there been manifested so much interest in the music and dancing which enlivens our little glimpse of liberty called noon.

At a recent meeting of the class of '98 a cordial welcome was extended to new members of the class. Another motion was acted upon in regard to certain disturbances during the meeting. We hope the disturbers will take the hint. They don't happen to be those who take the most active part in the class work, but even as loafers they should be willing to allow those who will do the work an opportunity.

Frank Riley, one of our old H. S. boys, and his associates, are making a regular newspaper out of the *Nebraskan*. Have a fine charter day number at hand. O. H. S. boys are like yeast foam, they "am bound to rise."

Miss Anna Brown, '94, was married in the latter part of January to Mr. William Frankle, of this city.

Mr. Frank Harris, '91, who has been connected with journalistic work in Omaha and Chicago, was recently selected, among many applicants, as special correspondent for a Mediterranean party of prominent eastern capitalists.

Miss Stacia Crowley, '76, left Thursday evening, February 21, for Chicago, to take charge of the English department of the Northwest Division High School. Her departure from Omaha will be greatly regretted by her many friends here.

On the evening of February 5th the third annual commencement of the Omaha Teachers' Training School took place. This commencement was particularly interesting to the members of '93, for ten of the graduates had worn the battle axe in former days.

The program was remarkable, in that it was all an honest exposition of the work of the class during their year and a half spent in theoretical and practical study. The music was a principal factor in making the evening one of keen pleasure, Miss Arnold's skill in chorus training showing prominently in the songs, which, by the way, were unusually classical for such an occasion. Space forbids a mention of each number, but it is impossible not to speak, in passing, of Miss De Graff's delightful and sympathetic rendition of Mozart's *Fantasia in C minor*. The calisthenics were

gracefully carried out. Two or three of the class distinguished themselves in this work. The pantomime, "Old Folks at Home," was a decided innovation, and fittingly pictured the pathetic words of the sweet old song.

The papers deserve a much more extended mention than can be given here. Miss Phillips delivered the first, "Notes for a Study of Imagination," in a noticeably well-modulated voice.

Miss Hostetter, the only graduate not of '93, has a piquant face and vivacious manner, which were admirably suited to her brightly written paper. Behind her playful remarks about "Cranks" lay much earnestness and sound sense. "Home and Pastime One Hundred Years Ago," by Miss Selena Burns, was an interesting picture of Revolutionary times. Then came what was considered by many the most thoughtful paper of the evening. Miss Pickard, in speaking of "Children's Ideas of Right and Wrong," showed what may be done by teachers in the way of honest, careful investigation and classification, in connection with their work among the children. Miss Stone's paper exhibited the same spirit in a different line of thought. Her investigation of the different phases of anger was conscientious and thorough, and permeated with the true teacher's interest. Miss Elizabeth Will's splendid recitation, "The Death Bridge of the Tay," was a fitting conclusion to the individual performances. Her perfect enunciation, complete self-command and sincerity of feeling, added to the dramatic interest of the declamation an ex-

traordinary impressiveness. Professor Marble addressed the class earnestly and eloquently, presenting the well-earned diplomas at the conclusion of his remarks.

The graduates were: Miss Lucinda Gamble, Miss Jeannette Gregg, Miss Bessie Dunn, Miss Jennie Hultman, Miss Selena Burns, Miss Poppy Hostetter, Miss Elizabeth Phillips, Miss Ada Stone, Miss Elizabeth Will, Miss Hitty DeGraff and Miss Anna Pickard.

Athletic.

Jensen—the jumper.

Boys, don't exercise in your uniforms.

Who was it that called Jackson, "Egypt?"

Boys, think of your manager for the coming season.

Boys must not bother Tukey in the discharge of his duties.

Clarkson survived a most painful operation on his throat.

The football captain must be a boy of grit and determination.

The songsters will sadly miss Fred Hayward's voice about the halls.

Clarke and Cross are very kind to take charge of Prof. Lewis' office during the noon hour.

Tukey claims that too much trouble wearies his massive intellect during the noon hour in the Gym.

Now that the boxing gloves are in shape again, we shall expect to hear from our aspiring pugilists once more.

The grounds are in elegant shape for a practice game of ball. It's a good opportunity to develop material.

The High School grounds looked particularly festive on Sunday, February 24th. The boys turned out in grand style.

Morsman, our big guard, recently entertained several friends at Morand's by showing his skill at dancing and threading needles, to say nothing of eating crackers.

The Gym. is not so well attended by the advanced classes as we would wish. '97 has her followers well represented, but where is all the brawn and muscle that should be found in '95 and '96.

Hurrah! The spring days are with us again. It is time to think of our baseball team for the coming season. Now that these sunny days are here, we must improve them, and retain our place at the head of all athletic institutions. We do not claim much in the way of track athletics, but we can put a baseball team in the field that can battle successfully against all amateur clubs. Council Bluffs must not be allowed to crow over us this year, after numerous victories over her during past seasons.

Exchanges.

It is an honor to have such an exchange as the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. Truly typical of the school it represents.

The Ex. editor of the *Magnet*, Butler, Pennsylvania, is sending us two copies a month. While we are glad to receive one copy we do not need two.

Said the great Congregational preacher
To the hen: "You're a beautiful creature!"
And the hen, just for that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the Hen-re-Ward Beecher.

College Chips is a very neat exchange. However, we would enjoy it much better if we could read it. The last issue was printed in Norwegian.

Teacher:—"Master N——, do you know how it was that Icarus fell from the heavens?"

Master N——(absent-mindedly):—"He must have slipped on a thunder peal."

Mrs. Hayseed (whose son is at college):—"George writes that he is taking fencing lessons."

Mr. Hayseed:—"I'm glad o' that. I'll set him a diggin' post holes when he gits home."

We received, recently, a paper from Rutland, Vermont, entitled the *High School Register*. We appreciate the honor and say that the heading is very neat, but we would advise them to adopt another title in order to avoid confusion of names of high school papers.

It is interesting to note in the few days preceding the semi-annual examination the different classes of students. There are those who have done poor work and know it, and who, realizing their case a hopeless one, are utterly indifferent and entirely idle. Then there are those who have been careless during the term, and who are vainly trying to make up for lost time by a grand "cram." They start resolutely at the first page of each book, but their

resolution generally flags after the first or second chapter, and entirely gives out before they reach the part of the book which really needs their attention. Then there are those who have done faithful and earnest work every day in the year. Their review is but a finishing up and classification of materials already gathered. It is the earnest work of the term, and they enter examination confident of their preparation and free from all nervousness as to the result. To which class do you belong?

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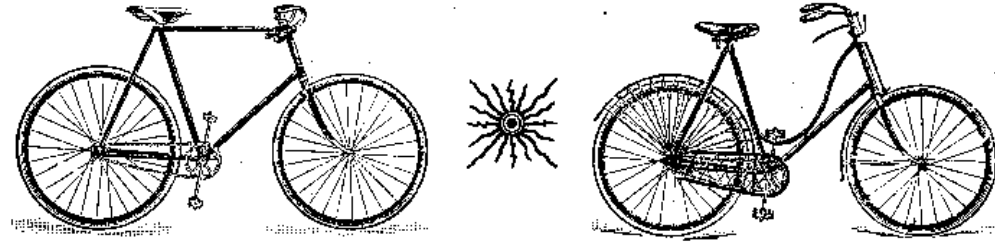
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